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ard from subscribers.

TEN PAGES.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 16, 1907.

They'll Celebrate.

SEVERAL old-timers in politics
will meet in the city of Pittsburgh
to-day, to start in that Pennsylvania
town a three-day celebration of the
forty-first year of the organization of
the republican party.

The older readers of the Standard will
remember how slow the whig party was
in dying. It went to pieces at the time
when the republican party was organ-
ized; the average voter of to-day hardly
knows what a whig was. During the
fifties the know-nothing party ran its
brief, but remarkable career. In 1855
there were free soilers and republicans
—often called black republicans—abolition-
ists, conservative anti-slavery men,
and, in short, a mixture of elements.
The time came when the forces opposed
to slavery had to get together.

The Pittsburgh conference which took
the first steps toward organizing the
national republican party was held in
February, 1854. Henry J. Raymond, at
the time the brilliant editor of the now
degenerated New York Times, wrote
the address that laid the party's founda-
tion.

There had been an organized republi-
can movement in Pennsylvania before
the national party was born. Pennsylv-
ania republicans held a state conven-
tion in Pittsburgh in 1855 and nominated
for the office of canal commissioner a
man who was then in prison, having
been committed by the supreme court
of Pennsylvania for refusing to surren-
der a fugitive slave.

All About a Sewer.

IT wasn't much of an election. Every
voter who wanted to vote appears to
have voted, according to the latest
returns; the issue seems to have been
tried so strictly in conformity with the
letter of the law that, hereafter, the
most fastidious stickler for line and
precept will not be able to say that, at
any point in its progress, the contest
clashed with the constitution of the
state of Montana.

It was an election which all duly-
qualified voters in Anaconda were cor-
dially invited to attend, for the pur-
pose of deciding whether bonds in the
sum of ten thousand dollars should be
issued, for the purpose of constructing
a sewer through Fourth street. The
election passed off quietly—as the
newspapers always say of affairs of the
kind. It was not the recording of the
people's choice after an exciting cam-
paign; with all the precincts heard
from; it appears, at this hour, that the
total vote was 107. Of these 59 votes
were cast in the negative and 48 in the
affirmative. The motion to bond the
city in the sum of \$10,000 for the pur-
pose of building the sewer seems to be
lost—it is lost.

Last year the proposition to bond in
the sum of \$20,000 for the purpose of the
construction of a sewer system was
submitted to the people and voted
down. The opposition at that time in-
cluded people who have permitted
others to make their local real estate
valuable, but who never give up a
nickel for any public improvement, for
any charity, or for any public-spirited
cause. They wear out the seats of their
pantaloons waiting for other people to
pay for improvements that will give
still greater value to their real estate,
and they took every penny of their
rents away in their inside pockets.
They have no use for sewers in their
business.

But the opposition of last year in-
cluded another element made up of
people who didn't like the city adminis-
tration very well. They thought the
local government wasn't to be trusted,
they wanted a "business administration"
before sewers were built—of course
they did. You would hardly believe it,
in the light of recent experience,
but it is a fact that these are the
people who denounced Mayor Thornton
and elected Mayor Leiser. The propo-
sition of these people, at last spring's
election, to the people of Anaconda was
this: "Just vote us into the city hall
and we will show you a thing or two
about building a sewer that is a sewer.
We will run this city on business prin-
ciples; after our reform administration
has been in power a little while you'll

all be demanding sewers and want us
to build them." That was last spring;
and here we are.

Now, the element in Anaconda that
was whipped at the bonding propo-
sition last year didn't play a tit-for-tat
game yesterday; that element threw no
stone in the way of the ten-thousand-
dollar scheme; indeed the majority in
the city council is made up of men
whom all the citizens of Anaconda may
trust. But Mayor Leiser was elected on
the proposition that there was to be
a new sewer, sure. Where were the
mayor's forces yesterday? As we un-
derstand it, the opposition yesterday
came from the front street quarter—
from property owners there who raised
an objection that is no objection at all
and which could not be urged intelli-
gently for a moment.

But the thing is done; rather, the one
thing which the Leiser campaign prom-
ised is not to be done, yet the people
who did the promising last spring had
the right of the line; the vote shows
that the opposition was next to nothing
and that, with very slight interest
taken by them, it would have been as
easy as rolling of a log to have carried
the bonding scheme.

In New York.

FROM the tenor of the New York
press it is plain to see that the
Citizens' Union has, up to date,
a white elephant on its hands in the
shape of its independent nomination. It
is one thing to nominate a man for the
mayorality of Greater New York and to
advise him as the candidate of all
that is of good report; it's a different
matter to beat all the machines and
elect him. Members of the Citizens'
Union recognize the fact that their
hasty action has placed Mr. Low and
those who have shouted loudest for him
in a predicament from which escape
will not be easy unless Mr. Platt him-
self comes to the rescue.

Men who have been prominent in the
Citizens' Union confess this. They
came now with the proposition that un-
less all the forces opposed to Tammany
combine Tammany will win; and this
they say, even admitting that such a
thing is possible as a democratic break
over the silver question. They dis-
count this, although the break seems
not probable, yet they still figure it out
that with Low running and with a regu-
lar republican ticket in the field, Low
is lost and so will be the regular re-
publican candidate. Thus, to all ap-
pearance, the partial victory scored by
the Union is a lottless victory—if Mr.
Platt persists, it will be worse than
nothing. The hope now entertained by
the men of best judgment in the so-
called citizens' movement is that an
agreement with Platt can be reached.

Mr. Croker knows by this time, if he
reads New York newspapers that are
democratic and also eminently respect-
able, that this is not his year. Mani-
festly he is not wanted, the suggestion
of his name seems to meet with gen-
eral disfavor. There is talk now of
Joseph C. Hendrix as the democratic
candidate. Were Low to be the can-
didate of a fusion of Platts and anti-
Platts and Hendrix the candidate of
the democrats, we could see in New
York city a mayoralty fight worth look-
ing at. It would be the more interest-
ing because of the fact that more than
a dozen years ago these two men—
neither of them hardly more than
thirty years old at the time—were rival
candidates for the office of mayor of
Brooklyn. Low won then, but he had
a very narrow margin.

At It Again.

WITH even greater zeal than
it displayed in behalf of the
creditors of Helena's First Na-
tional bank, the Herald of that city
arises and goes for the "croaker." That
the croaker is an all-around nuisance
there's no doubt; they appear always to
have him with them in Helena. A trip
to Alaska is what the Helena Herald
prescribes for people of the croaker type,
"who," says the Herald, "continue to
mar and disgrace the fair city of Hele-
na by their peevish complaints and dis-
mal howlings."

A trip to Alaska? Why to Alaska?
Isn't Helena bad enough? Why not
send these growlers to the Missouri
river dam and permit them to contem-
plate the height and depth and length
and breadth of the mighty power which,
when it is harnessed, is to make the
industries of Helena spin around like
the top of a Dakota windmill in a
blizzard?

In those of the cities of Montana that
are prosperous you meet a good many
men who used to live in Helena but who
have moved. Some of these men tell a
pretty sorry tale about Helena and their
experiences there. Perhaps they have
a right to do it; the fact that they have
quit Helena is the best sort of
proof that, at any rate, they are honest
about it.

We are not saying that we blame a
man for moving away from Helena, or
for wanting to move; but the man who
stays there—as apparently so many un-
happy men do—and, as the Herald puts
it, is all the time "preaching the doc-
trine of discouragement"—that man is
in the wrong place. There is Alham-
bra, or Basin, or Bannack, or Elliston,
all nearer than Alaska. Why not try
one of them? But, how does it happen
that the press of Helena finds it so
often a duty to complain about the
Helena croaker? What does he say
or do?

What London Says.

YESTERDAY'S mail brought from
Mr. Gliddon whose recent inter-
esting correspondence from London
has brightened the columns of the
Standard, a bunch of English news-
papers, in two of which reference is
made to Anaconda company matters;
following the publication of the com-
pany's report. The London Financial
News says editorially: "The statement

received by cable yesterday from the
Anaconda Copper Mining company is
highly satisfactory. The profit for the
year ended June 30th, is \$5,136,048, an
against \$4,258,515 for 1895-6. The capital
charges are \$166,629, which leaves a net
balance of \$4,969,408. The interim di-
vidend in May has, of course, to be
deducted from this; but there will still
remain a nice little sum of a few mil-
lion dollars in hand. Shareholders will
be pleased to note that in June the net
debt for advances only amounted to
about \$700,000. On June 30th, last year,
the company's indebtedness was \$2,275,-
785, so that this amount has been mate-
rially reduced during the year, and
seems in a fair way of being extin-
guished before long."

Touching this subject the London
Daily Mail says: "The results of the
Anaconda mine for the year ended
June 29, must prove satisfactory read-
ing to the shareholders, and fully bear
out our prognostication that the com-
pany would make an excellent showing
for the twelve months. Deducting cap-
ital charges the liquid profit would be
about sufficient to pay 17 per cent.
on the capital of \$30,000,000. The
board, however, are not likely to dis-
burse more than the regulation 10 per
cent. this year, as the president an-
nounced, at the last meeting, the in-
tention of the directors to devote a fur-
ther sum of \$2,000,000 out of the profits,
in order to provide ample working capital.
This should put the company in a
strong position, and with copper at
anything like the present value the
shareholders can disregard the drop in
price of the mine's by-product, silver."

He Got Through Quick.

THOSE who keep track of this year's
politics will recall what hap-
pened in Maryland a few
weeks ago. The republicans in that
state started out to hold a convention.
Mr. Wellington, whom these republi-
cans had been foolish enough to elect
to the federal senate, has so mixed
things up in his effort to throw down
some of his republican enemies that
the convention simply could not orga-
nize on a fair and honest basis. There
were contesting delegations, and so
great were the irregularities that it
was decided to start again; new elec-
tions for delegates to an adjourned
state convention were ordered for sev-
eral districts.

This adjourned convention met yester-
day in Baltimore. In the going
phrase of the day, Wellington wasn't
in it. The convention nominated a
ticket which the re-united democracy
of Maryland will punish at the polls,
and it retired Senator Wellington from
the chairmanship of the state commit-
tee. This morning's brief dispatch
about yesterday's convention remarks
that the senator will have no part in
the campaign.

It did not take this Maryland republi-
can long to run his race as a political
leader. He has had an experience of
only a few days in the senate; he sat
through the extraordinary session. But
he has been there long enough to have
made five or six different kinds of an
ass of himself by his outlandish
quarrel with President McKinley over
patronage. Mr. Wellington has the
Maryland senatorship all fast enough
until 1902. His Maryland republicans
must endure him till then, if he lives—
it's their own fault.

Besides the killed and wounded at
Hazelton, the settlement of the strike,
which was announced last Sunday, ap-
pears to be missing.

It remains to be seen whether the
Dingley act can sustain its reputation
next year. To continue the famine in
India, the drought in South America and
the floods in Russia year after year is
quite a task.

England is mobilizing masses of
troops in India, and as soon as they
number five British to one native, the
British will defeat the feeble rebels
with great slaughter, and all England
will join in celebrating another great
Christian victory.

Indiana, of course, is lynching people
in blocks of five.

Unlike its contemporary in the far
North, the yellow fever in the South
is a powerfully repellent instead of an
irresistible attraction.

Spain is raising 6,000 more troops for
Cuba. If she were wise Spain would
save them for home protection.

Just as soon as the cabinet can get
around to them, the Cuban question
and the Montana district attorneyship
will receive their proper share of atten-
tion.

The marriage of Colonel Patot of
Milwaukee and Miss Lemp of St. Louis
is a combination which should make
two beers flow as one.

That man Conger of Ohio seems to
have a faculty for stroking Mr. Han-
na's memory the wrong way.

Having sent two substitutes to the
war while Grover Cleveland sent only
one, as a military genius Mr. Hanna
is twice as great as Grover Cleveland.

At present the Klondyke is turning
out more pale, scared miners than
bright yellow gold.

It is announced that the 2-cent post-
age stamp is about to be changed from
carmine to green, and color is lent to
the announcement by the fact that the
change will save the government about
\$10,000 a year. Red paint is always ex-
pensive.

Chairman Jones says the presidential
contest of 1900 is already settled in fa-
vor of Bryan. We trust the mantle of
Elijah has fallen on Jones.

Everywhere, the middle-of-the-road
poets seem to be making rapid progress
backwards.

Indiana has declared for free and un-
limited lynching.

The two Montana men, arrested for
holding up a Yellowstone park stage and
robbing the passengers, have been

examined and held for trial. No pro-
ceedings have been begun against the
proprietors of the Yellowstone park
hotels.

A careful reading of the New York
Sun leads to the conclusion that
Thomas C. Platt is the greatest, wisest
and slickest of mankind.

It should be easier to find a president
for Cosmopolitan than Brown,
anyhow. According to the Brooklyn
Eagle, under the laws of the state of
New York there is no such thing as
Cosmopolitan university and probably
can't ever be.

The national silver camp meeting is
on at Springfield, Ohio, and the woods
are full of them.

General Stewart L. Woodford attend-
ed a Spanish bull fight the other day
and declared that he would never at-
tend another. The Spanish bull fight
understand, however, that when it comes
to two nations fighting, Woodford is
not so squeamish.

It might stand Sheriff Martin in good
stead to check his imagination, take
the best story of the shooting he has
in stock, and stick to it for dear life.

The fact that the Bellare, Ohio,
school was obliged to close Tuesday on
account of the heat, would indicate
that Senator Foraker is somewhere
in the vicinity giving expression to his
opinions of Senator Hanna.

President Andrews' final decision is
to stay with Brown university. An-
drews is not such a quitter as they
said he was.

Ex-convicts, thieves, thugs, hoboes,
tramps, all who wish light and easy
employment at fairly remunerative
pay, have only to apply for deputy
sheriff jobs in Pennsylvania.

The concert of the powers is practi-
cally over though the Turkish band
plays on.

For an old gentleman, somewhat in-
capacitated by rheumatism, Mr. Dick
Croker manages to saw a considerable
quantity of wood every day.

In the town of Carondelet, Minn.,
school teachers are forbidden to wear
bloomers while teaching. The atten-
tion of the children must not always
be distracted by whatever the teacher
happens to have on foot.

Short and Sweet.

"Let I can guess where you are going."
"Yukon, of course."—Cleveland Plain
Dealer.

"Why do you fellows call that moun-
tain 'Cathart Hill' asked the tourist.
"Because," said the guide, "it can't
be sealed."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Don't go crazy on the Klondyke.
To find gold you need not roam;
Just imagine that you're mining
And put in that time at home.
—Detroit Free Press.

With all respect to the hand that rocks
The baby in its cradle cradle.
'Tis the hand that rocks the miner's pan
Just now that moves the world.
—Chicago Tribune.

"Isn't this Klondyke cure something like
Christian science?" asked the elderly
boarder.

"Well," said the Cheerful Idiot, "it
does its work through the sole."—In-
dianapolis Journal.

There are numerous stories that gold is
left lying around loose up in the Klondyke
region. It will be observed that no
reports ever say that bread and provisions
are risked in that way.—Chicago
Record.

"I can't help wondering," said Uncle
Eben, "of a lot of o' dem folks dat's a-gwine
t' Klondyke wouldn't git rich anyhow
if dey was willin' to work as hard at
home as dey'll haffer up dar."—Washing-
ton Star.

First Fly—Well, the season is nearly
ended and we'll soon be gathered to our
fathers.

Second Fly—I've got a great scheme to
tickle somebody nearly to death when I
shuffle off this mortal coil.

First Fly—What's the programme for
your last sad rites?

Second Fly—Going to suicide in the
cake batter and get myself baked in as a
raisin.—Chicago News.

Foreign People.

Prince Charles of Sweden and Norway,
Duke of Westgothland, who married the
Princess Ingeborg of Denmark, is consid-
ered a very nice people the handsome man
of his rank in Europe. He is 6 feet 4
inches tall, splendidly proportioned, with
a fine face of the Roman type. The prince,
who is about 35 years old, is an active
officer in the army.

Queen Victoria and the empress of Aus-
tria represent the extremes in weight
among the royal ladies of Europe. Victo-
ria weighs a plump 224 pounds and the
Austrian empress 162. The difference in
their height is also extremely marked, so
that if they stand side by side they would
be a living representation of the familiar
picture "The Long and the Short of It."

Only two of Queen Victoria's daugh-
ters, Victoria and Alice, showed a taste
for politics. On the day of the marriage
of Princess Victoria, her father, Prince
Albert, said to the bridegroom: "Your
wife has a child's heart and a man's
head." The Princess Helena is devoted
to works of charity, and the Princess
Louise to fine arts. Princess Beatrice,
the youngest, has been her mother's life-
long companion.

When a Receipt Was Necessary.
When Remond, the French senator,
came from the Pyrenees to Paris he paid
a month's hotel bill in advance. He was
a devout believer. When the proprietor
asked him whether or not he would have
a receipt he replied: "It is not necessary,
sir. God is witnessing the transaction.
With a sneer on his lips the proprietor
asked: 'Do you believe in God?' 'Cer-
tainly, sir, don't you?' 'Indeed I do
not.' 'Ah,' says Remond, 'that makes
a difference. You may give me a receipt.'

Soldiers Taught to Crawl.
A French colonel is teaching his offi-
cers and men to crawl on their stom-
achs, and has invented a leather globe
to help the process. The regiment can
now travel 100 yards in this manner with-
out fatigue.

Forbidden to Women.
Amateur theatricals, short-sleeved
dresses and swimming baths are forbid-
den to the women of Duinen, in West-
phalia, by authority of the parish
priest, because they are dangerous to
morals.

DREAM SECURED A RESOLVE.

Life of a Condemned Man Prolonged by
a Stranger's Maliciousness.

From the Memphis Commercial Appeal.
People may laugh at the idea of "con-
ditions and dreams" in the last days of
the 19th century, but it was a dream
that caused Governor Taylor to grant
the 30 days' respite to Harvey De Berry,
Governor Taylor did not dream the
dream, but a Memphis man did. He is
a man of influence, a man who has
weight with the powers that be. He
does not believe in dreams. But he is a
just man, which may follow, inasmuch
as at one time, before he followed his
present calling, his name was written
at the head of the list of the Memphis
list, and he continued therein he
might now occupy a seat in congress-
ional halls, if not in the executive
chair. This gentleman was out of the
city on business while the De Berry
trial was going on and returned after
the sentence had been passed, but knew
nothing of the occurrence. He was
very tired, and after he had slept for
some hours on the night of his return
he awoke with a start, for it seemed to
him that someone said to him in a very
emphatic tone, "That nigger must not
hang."

He sat up in bed, turned on the
light and when he found everyone
asleep he awakened his wife and asked
her if she had called him or if the chil-
dren had called. When assured in the
negative he turned out the light and
went down. He could think of no one in
his knowledge who was under sentence
of hanging or who was in danger of
lynching.

After a long time he dropped asleep,
but only to have a dream that was so
horrible that its tortures were akin to a
nightmare. He thought he was under
sentence of death, but for what he did
not know, and that one of his dearest
friends was to be the hangman. He
suffered untold agony in his sleep. He
was in the condemned cell, and none
of his friends appeared to be doing
anything to rescue him, and he was to
die, he knew not for what, but for some
crime of which he was innocent. Final-
ly, when it was but ten minutes to 2
o'clock he called to his friend, the
hangman, and said, as he took out his
watch: "It is only ten minutes now
until I am to be hanged. You know I
am innocent, and won't you please go
and communicate with some one who
can save me?" The hangman left the
jail, but the prisoner stood, watch in
hand, counting the minutes as they
sped by. Each one seemed an inter-
minable age. When the appointed hour,
2 o'clock, passed, and after a while the
hangman returned with heavy steps
and apparently a heavier heart. As
soon as he was inside the grating the
prisoner called to him: "It is all right
now. The hour is past and you cannot
legally hang me now."

At this point the dreamer awoke to
find himself in cold perspiration,
holding his watch in his hand. He
tried in vain to dispel the horrible feel-
ing, but could not, and was afraid to
go to sleep again, lest he dream it a
"thing of this kind" again. He said to
himself: "You would know how to get out
if you were to be hanged, but this poor negro
does not know what to do." He got up
and went downstairs and sat on the
gallery and smoked until his morning
paper came, and he opened it eagerly
to see if anyone was to be hanged, and
then he saw how De Berry was under
sentence of death, and that all appeals
to the governor for a respite fell on
deaf ears. The article also stated that
the reason of his counsel for asking
this was some important evidence that
had been introduced. He read on
through the paper, trying to wear off
the bad effects of the night's dreams,
but in vain. They haunted him
throughout the entire day until he al-
most dreaded to go to bed and to sleep.

He thought the matter over carefully
and calmly and came to the conclusion
that if there was a shadow of a doubt
of the negro's guilt in all justice he
ought to have 30 days' respite that
the matter might be thoroughly investi-
gated. Having made up his mind to
this, he stepped to the telephone and
dictated the following message to Gov-
ernor Taylor: "Grant De Berry 30
days' respite for good reasons," and
signed his name. A few hours after-
ward the respite came, but no one, not
even De Berry, knew of the attorney's
why it came after all the delay.

Desirable.

From the Washington Star.
"It's perfectly disgraceful," she ex-
claimed.

"What's the matter?" inquired her hus-
band.

"Here's a description of a woman who
gets up in public and declares herself an
anarchist."

"Well," was the rejoinder, "may be it's
all for the best. I believe I'd like to see
women crowd the males out of the anar-
chist business. When they throw bombs
they wouldn't be so likely to hit any-
body."

His '97 Model.

From the Chicago Post.
"Did you get a new bicycle this year?"
inquired the newspaper man.

"Oh, dear, no," replied the artist. "I
couldn't afford it. I am still riding the one
I got last year."

"But I heard you speak of your '97
model."

"Yes, she's a novice who has just be-
gun to pose for me this summer."

Falsome.

From the Detroit Journal.
"Why does the average clergyman think
himself bound to indulge in such fulsome
praise over a man's coffin?"

"Search me."

"Were you at Jinks' funeral? No, Well,
the minister actually got up and said
that Jinks rode the best wheel that ever
was built. Faugh!"

Forgetful.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.
"I noticed that you frowned at the
clergyman just as he was making the
announcements."

"Yes, He is so forgetful. I was afraid
he was going to announce a service for
this evening. He and the vestryman join
us in a moonlight spin to Handtown and
back."

He Always Does.

From Truth.
Chorus of Exalted Voices—Heavens! A
boat wrecked, you say? And none of its
occupants escaped?

Life Saver (grimly)—Only the fellow
who recked it.

M. J. CONNELL COMPANY

BUTTE, MONTANA.

THE BIG STORE TO-DAY IS A

Real Wonderland

Of Merchandise Splendor and Price Littleness

Special Bargains for Thursday, Friday, Saturday

Dress Goods

Grand bargain lots of stylish fabrics
suitable for school wear at half their
true worth.

FANCY PLAIDS—36 inches wide—a
splendid assortment of fashionable
color